

Boys Like Boys

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Summary: Bad boy meets good boy, chaos ensues. There's worse things, of course, than boys kissing other boys, but it's an abomination to some.

Boys Like Boys

****Oh geez, hey there! I'm finally back! I've deleted all of my old fanfictions if you didn't know that already, since my writing is (hopefully) better now. I left my pen name the same, and it will remain as such. Let's cut to the chase, then! I am back and maybe better than ever. By the way, everybody is in tenth grade in this fic. Happy reading!****

****~MeisterlessWeapon****

Craig Tucker ventured through the hallway, music blaring in his ears. Other people could probably hear his music. He didn't care. He yawned, shoving his hands further into his pockets as he made his way to the cafeteria to meet his friends. He didn't take much notice to the other students, but every student seemed to notice him. It's not like Craig was hard to miss - he was six foot two, and people weren't exactly difficult to see when they were taller than five foot six. The only problem with being this tall was the attention that came with it. Craig hated attention. He didn't mind attention from his friends, of course, but when he was the fucking giant of the school, he despised it with everything he had in him.

Soon, he reached the cafeteria. Pushing the doors open with his shoulder slash arm slash right side of his body (so he didn't have to remove his hands from his pockets), he kicked the door open a little with his right foot so it would stay open a little longer, and walked in without regard for whoever could be behind him. He turned off his music and removed his earbuds so he could focus a little easier... or so he thought. The cafeteria was as loud as ever, and Craig contemplated whether he should put his earbuds back in or not.

However, he didn't have much time to decide, for he heard the _click-clack _of heels behind him, followed by a girl angrily shouting his name.

"Craig motherfucking Tucker!" The girl was none other than Bebe Stevens, accompanied by her best friend Wendy Testaburger who appeared to be attempting to calm her down. But nobody could calm down Bebe Stevens. She was the most popular girl in school, and also looked the most stereotypical. She had big, curly blonde hair, ice blue eyes, and long red fingernails. She always wore high heels to school, miniskirts, and a red T-shirt or sweater. Sometimes tights. And not to mention her face was often caked with makeup. Luckily, the girl was smart, and not some dumb bitch who just giggled all the time.

With a sigh, Craig answered, "Yes, Stevens?" He called her that because he knew it pissed her off. A smirk tug at his lips and he decided to let it free.

"Do you see all this shit in my hand?!" Bebe lifted up her arms a bit. In her left hand, she held a black handbag, and in her right hand she held another bag that Craig recognized as Clyde's. His best friend. "Why the fuck did you close the door on me?!"

"Bebe, I don't think he saw you." Wendy quietly murmured to her, but Bebe took no notice and instead continued to glare at Craig.

"Look, Stevens, I didn't see you. I had no idea you were behind me. But I have another question," he eyed Clyde's bag again. "what are you doing with Clyde's bag?"

If Craig didn't know any better, he could swear Bebe was blushing a little. "Well, his locker's right next to mine. He left it there, and I assumed he wanted it, so I'm bringing it here. I'm surprised you didn't notice. Some best friend you are. Asshole."

"You seem to have forgotten that my locker is on the other side of the damn school."

"So?! A good best friend would have come to his locker. Wendy comes to mine everyday."

"Probably because you have her enslaved."

Now this, this set Bebe off. A lot of things set her off, but when you pointed out that she was a shitty friend, that's when she got heated. "_Excuse _me, Craig?! I'll have you know I am an _amazing _friend to Wendy! She's not enslaved in any way, and she knows if she has a problem, she can tell me whenever! Isn't that right, Wendy?" Bebe looked behind her, probably giving her a look that said _you know the drill_.

"U-uh, yeah." Wendy shrugged a little and averted her eyes, her cheeks turning slightly pink. Anybody could tell that she was lying just from the way she spoke, or from her body language. Wendy, back in grade school, was a feminist. Very strong spoken and idealistic, and a role model for many of the students. She was friends with Bebe, probably a little less close than they are now, but high school changed her. She was still strong spoken and idealistic, but she often stood back in the crowd. She always let Bebe take the

spotlight. She pretended to be the same old Wendy Testaburger, but in reality, she wasn't. She was different.

"Whatever. I don't care about you or whatever you're doing. Now, if you'll just give me Clyde's bag, I'll be on my merry way." Craig held out his hand, waiting for Bebe to hand it to him.

"Fine. Whatever." Bebe practically slammed his bag into the palm of Craig's hand. She then snapped her fingers twice and turned towards the cafeteria exit, Wendy following her much like a lost dog.

Craig sighed and turned back around, scoping the area for his friends. He soon spotted them, for they too weren't hard to miss. He strode towards their table, and once he arrived, he dropped Clyde's bag next to him and slid his own backpack off of his shoulders. "Hey there, fags."

"Hey, dude!" Clyde Donovan was the first to acknowledge his presence, since he had his bag after all. The guy probably didn't even remember forgetting it. Clyde was one of Craig's best friends, even if he was kind of a ditz. He wore a varsity jacket, but played no sports. He said he only wore it because "it impressed the ladies". Even though he said that, Clyde didn't really care for girls. Or boys. Or any romance at all, really. He wasn't even into sex all that much. Nobody really knew what Clyde was interested in, for he doesn't really fit in anywhere. He just kind of hangs out and is everybody's friend in a way.

"Hi." Token Black was the next to speak. Token wore the same bright purple shirt almost everyday, and it was ridiculous. Of course, many people told him this, but he always shrugged it off with a "I'm rich, I can do whatever I want" mini speech. Without a doubt, he was the most level-headed of Craig's group. Some people could even call him the "mom friend". He always comforted Clyde out of his crying fits, made sure Craig was staying out of trouble, helped Tweek with his panic attacks, and was basically a protector of Jimmy. He loved all of his friends and appreciated them very much.

Tweek Tweak didn't speak a greeting, but instead made a weird noise that everybody _guessed _could count as a hi. Tweek was the weird spaz kid, as everybody regarded him. Which everybody in his friend group felt bad about. The poor kid couldn't help it. Tweek was an unfortunate fellow who was ridden with ADD and anxiety. And for some weird reason, coffee was his stimulant. It of course didn't help his twitches (since caffeine is one of the causes for muscle twitching), but it made him feel better in a way that nobody but him and his family could understand. Tweek often drank coffee before tests and other important things to avoid panic slash anxiety attacks, since he saw those as a burden and always felt bad for making Token help him out with them (even though Token didn't mind them one bit). He gets bullied often, which makes his friends upset, because there's so much more to Tweek than what everybody else sees.

"H-hello there." Jimmy Valmer stuttered out. Jimmy had been crippled for as long as everybody could remember. He's also been into comedy for as long as everybody could remember - specifically stand-up comedy. Luckily, his comedy skills have gotten much better since the third and fourth grade... or so he likes to think. Everybody laughs at Jimmy's jokes, regardless of them sucking, because they don't want to make him feel bad. Token suspects that Jimmy knows that nobody

actually thinks his comedy is funny, but he still tells jokes anyway, because that's his passion and he rarely feels discouraged.

Craig slumped down on the bench next to Clyde. He didn't have much to say, but Clyde sure did.

"Dude, where'd you get my bag? I've looked all over for it!" He punched Craig's shoulder playfully. Craig didn't react.

"Yeah, by all over, you mean in our general vicinity." Token scoffed. Clyde shot him a look.

"Stevens had it." Craig replied, picking at the dirt under his fingernails. Tweek watched him with great interest and started to mirror his movements.

"Stevens? As in Bebe Stevens? She like... actually held it in her perfectly smooth and manicured hand? Oh my god. I might nut right here, right now." Clyde ran his hand through his chocolate brown hair, looking amazed and a bit shocked.

"Yeah, Bebe. I'd prefer you not nut in the middle of the cafeteria. It's just fucking gross, Clyde." Craig sighed for the millionth time that day, and it was only eleven forty-five.

"Why did she have it? Did she tell you? Dude, give me all the details!" Clyde turned to Craig excitedly, putting one hand on his shoulder and shaking him a little bit.

Craig brushed off Clyde's hand. "She just said you left it by your locker and she assumed you wanted it back, so she was going to bring it to you. I asked for it, though, and now it's here, by you. She seemed a little embarrassed about it, though."

"Embarrassed? Like, like how?"

"I don't know. She just blushed, I guess. I don't care."

"But I care!"

"Then talk to her yourself."

Craig didn't mean it literally, but Clyde apparently thought so. He grabbed his bag and slung it over his shoulder, waving goodbye to his friends then hurrying out of the cafeteria. Token clicked his tongue, made a _tsk _sound, and shook his head.

"That boy's getting himself into a load of trouble."

The other boys could do nothing but agree.

Alright, wow, first chapter done. I'm not actually sure where I'm going with this yet. I know it's a Cryle fic, and Kyle isn't even in the first chapter, but hush, be patient. He will be here in time. Anyways, thank you for reading! This was more of a warm-up chapter than anything else. See you next time!

--MeisterlessWeapon

End
file.